THE VOICE OF THE PULPIT

PURER AND HAPPIER EACH YEAR.

A Discourse by Rev. Philip S. Moxom, D. D., Pastor of South Congregation-

al Church, Springfield, Mass.

For what is your life?-James iv. 14.

Under the sense of life's brevity which the New Year season inevitably awakens we feel a melancholy sympathy with the answer of James-that life is "a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." A little while ago we were not; a little while hence and we shall not be. There is an indefinable solemnity in the thought. Soon our toil will end. A few more "new years" and our eager plannings and endeavors will cease. The busy hands will be idle; the throbbing brain will be quiet; the beating heart will be still. There are moments when life seems but "a confused noise between two silences."

To the frivolous man, to the selfish man, to the man who is wholly absorbed in seeking pleasure or merely material ends, it is well that this aspect of life which St. James emphasizes should be presented. To the shallow worlding Wisdom says: "Poor fool, busy with many trifles; see, what is your life! A smoke that rises and shines faintly a moment in the morning sun-and then is gone-dissipated in the infinite space."

But this is not the highest, it is not the true, aspect of life. Man is not a mere "Life is the gift of God, and is divine." It is fleeting, and yet it is enduring. After all, it is not life that is transfent, but time and circumstance. If we rightly understand life, we know that it is "the childhood of immortality." It is power to think, to feel and to achieve-to think the true, to feel the beautiful, to achieve the good. Many measure life by linear standards. It is long or short, according to the number of years counted from the cradle to the grave. But as quaint Thomas Fuller said, "He lives long that lives well." It is the quality of life rather than its quantity that determines its true rather than its comforts, that determine its

The question of brevity of life, as determined by temporal measurements, we may leave aside now, for the text strikes ning and money-getting? Many confound life with livelihood. They do not distinguish between life and its instruments and the selling and buying of merchandise, the striving for social advancement, the pushing for place and power in political circles -this, to them, is life.

Then, again, there are those who submerge the life in the livelihood. Man is meant to "be" more than all he can do with brain or fingers, and to win possessions and powers for which market and exchange furnish no standard of value. The supreme business of man is to grow.

Surrounded by the thousand forces that play upon him and struggle with him, he is to develop capacity and power to know. to feel and to aspire. The world, with its tragedy and pain, is his school in sympathy. The humanity of which he is part brings the opportunity and the incentive to love,

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial." Time and space and matter are but arena and opportunity for the soul. All our doing has its true meaning and complete justification only in its ministry to that in us which bread cannot feed, clothes cannot cover, houses cannot confine and wealth cannot satisfy. There is no tragedy like that of man's subserviency to the material. The divine secret of life lies in those words of Jesus, "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?" "A man's life," we are told, "consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he pos-

the livelihood. They must toil for bread. but they make the bread an end, and not as it should be, a means to an end. They enslave the soul as well as the body in the service of the flesh. They absorb thought, all energy, all aspiration and all which can be handled and tasted and seen. The soul itself is made sordid. With great compunction I say this. how hard is the struggle of many with sheer poverty and want. The vast majority of men, as yet, live from humblest man or woman, which, once story?" evoked, absolves even the struggle for par don forbids the placing of any limit. tiring, insatiable money-getter, what is between the Friends' doctrine of peace and your life? "It is a vapor that vanisheth |

partition time into unequal parts. This, triot through and through, faith." As for the rest of time, it shall

But leave the Shylocks. There are others who miss the real meaning of life, and make the larger part of its activities and ends sordid and essentially low by failing to see that the spirit sanctifies all things. Toil, even with the hands, is not oppugnant to the highest life. To build and delve is not menial; noble aims may make any handicraft sublime. The counting room may be as sacred as the temple. Where man is, there is the whole of life's meaning and opportunity. The sun illumines a back alley as truly as it does the garden of a palace. God may make an aureole of glory about the head of yonder sewing girl or that bank director, as well as about the

clear a view of the stars from the bottom HOW TO MAKE LIFE SWEETER, of the valley as from the mountain peak. But too often the leaden weight of the sordid livelihood sinks the life itself to a low plane. Men grovel in their work and cannot soar in their devotions. The years pass away, and the real ends of living are unattained. Death comes at last, and in his presence the oracle speaks: "What is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away."

Multitudes do not absolutely swallow up life in livelihood, but the purpose to get a lving is stronger in them than the purpose to live. That which should dominate is subordinate. They degrade their work by leaving it on the low level of a mere material drudgery; and as work fills so large a place in life, if it is not ennobled by noble thoughts of it, it makes the whole life ignoble. We do not let the highest and best rule. Culture of mind and heart and soul we esteem a luxury in which we may

indulge, but the chief business is to get a

living. The mistake is in the thought that

if we life in the highest ranges of our being we shall not be able to get a living. Most of us are unconsciously tainted and affected by this thought. The whole realm of toil is despiritualized, emptied of God, and turned into a sordid grind, What wonder that there come to us discontents and weariness and a sick-seeing suspicion that life is a poor thing after all, that "the game is not worth the candle," that the Hebrew pessimist was right when he said: "Vanity of vanities! All is vanity." The Christian faith, which ought to sweeten and ennoble all toil and give a glory of hope and a benediction of peace amid all the bustle and friction of "getting a living," is "betrayed in the house of its friends" when those who profess this faith are manifestly "prisoned in a dull round

of cares" and show, like "the Gentiles,"

groveling anxiety over what they shall

eat and what they shall drink, and wherewithal they shall be clothed. But, thank God, there are true witnesses and exemplars of the true life. There are hose who sublime the livelihood by the life, who do all things from the highest motive, who esteem the things of the spirit none too bright and good for human nature's daily food." These see and feel that life has all its meaning and worth put into it by him who lives. The work that wins bread is not divorced from the prayer that brings peace. "Things" do not shut out houghts. It is fit to clothe the body with fair garments; it is more fit to clothe the mind with truth and the spirit with grace. The power to estimate merchandise or stocks at their true value is not to be depised, but it belongs to a lower plane than the power to grasp the meaning of a noble

of self-sacrifice for love's pure ends. A true conception of life carries with it the beginning, at least, of a true realization of life. When we once get this true conception, things fall into their proper place and receive their just valuation. God and the soul are the enduring realities. To live is to think truly, to love holily, and to act beneficiently. Then our daily toil becomes the channel of the highest activity. It ceases to be selfish and sordid. To love God with all the heart and mind and soul and strength is no longer a far and faint ideal, but a daily progressive regimen. Then ture the soul. Life is no longer a vapor, a smoke that wavers a moment in the fretful air and then vanishes away. It becomes a reality as deep as thought, as en-

during as God. Let this thought but take possession of us and govern in the year to come, and our lives will be sweeter, happier, more practically successful, than in any former year. (Copyright, 1897, by Newspaper Sermon As-

THE QUAKERS IN WAR

llow Friends Who Violated the Principles of Peace Were Reinstated.

Every one familiar with the doctrine of the religious society of Friends is aware of he fact that opposition to war is and ever has been one of the fundamental principles of the society. With many this fact is rreconcilable with the apparently contradictory one that many of the best and bravest soldiers who fought valiantly for right members of the Friends' Society, if not active members. To those who have noted and wondered at this conflict of principles, the following story by a Richmond, Ind., Friend, with a good war record.

"A story," echoed the genial Colonel W C. Starr, after he and his hospitable wife had given the reporter a cordial welcome. "A story! Why should you ask me for a

"Because you have an excellent stock of

"Nonsense! But I am willing. Shall it be a story of war, or a story of peace?" "It is your story, Colonel Starr, and must

"Well then, I might try the story of how go hand in hand. Sometimes it is your | peace, who went to war to battle for their after the armies had disbanded and peace reigned once more. Would you like to hear

"Well," and the colonel's face took on a reflective look as he rested his feet comfortably on the corner of a table, "it was Society of Friends, both Hicksite and orthodox, entered the Union army in the late war. Many of these men who enlisted did might give you, to show how, in a conflict Then, again, there are those who di- stance was that of my dear old mother, a

"At one time near the beginning of the mere world of things; that, a poor frac- war I came home to pay a visit to my tion, a Sunday fag-end, is for the interests | mother. I was then living in Virginia, that are deferentially called "higher." On | where I was raising a regiment for the week days Shylock will "put money in his Union service. I had already, by the way, purse" at all hazards. On the Sabbath he | sent my wife to this city, so that I could will decently go to the synagogue and re- sleep out, in the woods-anywhere, as the cite psalms. There is another world, he Governor had offered \$1,000 reward for my small anchor to windward. One day in the part in the Wheeling convention, with a

"After the other children had gone to bed -I was the oldest-mother and I were sit-

ing alone talking. Mother said: " William, I don't want thee to have anything to do with the army, nor with the war that is now beginning.'

"I made no direct promise. I only said. mother, does thee not know that father did not vote for eight years because the Friends had had no part in the freeing of this counry, and in making it an independent Na-

"I waited a moment and then I said. mother, the rebels are raising a regiment within twenty-five miles of where I am

Why don't thee go and drive them iway? she asked with sudden fire?

ad of a canonized saint. High thought | plied, And then I told her of my regiment. and pure feeling and glorious aspiration are The next morning a young lady guest possible in every sphere of labor. If the in our house found my mother in her bed-

no barriers of circumstance can shut it in | more time than usual at the task, and the or limit its range of vision. There is as young lady asked, 'What is thee doing?' My mother replied, 'I am trying to bring my mind to consent to giving my sons to their country's service.' And that evening her three oldest sons at home were wearing blue blouses. I went back to Virginia to my work. During the war my mother robbed her own house and home of bedding to

> encamped near the city. "That was one instance, and this is another: Phil Wiggins, whose parents were strict Quakers, said to his father:

furnish the comforts of life to the soldiers

"'Pap, we young fellows are going to mount a regiment of cavalry, and offer it to the State-donate it to Governor Mor-

ton. Can't you give us a horse?" 'No, my son,' replied the old gentleman, 'thee knows I am opposed to war, and I will not give a horse. But my stable is never locked, and-don't thee take old

"But these are only instances of the spirit that drove Friends to take up the

weapons of war." Taking down his slippered feet the colonel eaned forward, placed one clenched fist on the table in front of him, and his eves burned bright with the fires of pleasant memories as he proceeded with the story

"The war had at last ended. All the Friends who had carried the deadly saber and musket and had taken part in the bloody strife so strenuously opposed by their doctrine expected to be disowned by the old, conservative ironsides of the church. Yet month after month went by and nothing was said.

"Finally, at one Hicksite quarterly meetng in Baltimore, the matter was brought ip. Dear old Samuel Townsend, the now sainted preacher, was there, and it was from his own lips I heard the story. One Friend arose and said it seemed to him time that the Friends took some notice of the many violations of the discipline and the testimonies regarding war. Many of the young men, he said, had gone into the army; many had lost their lives, others had returned. Such action was directly contrary to all the Friends' testimonies with regard to war, and it seemed time the Friends were taking up the subject and dealing with the violators. Another Friend followed with 'I unite with the remarks.' with the remarks of the first speaker.

"And there sat old Sammy Townsend, full of fire, but full of love-a man who could carry a frown upon his face and at the same time bear a heart of the tenderest love. In speaking of the occasion he said | malpractice in the public institutions.

" 'I sat there and listened. The Friends eemed anxious to take up the subject. Then I arose and said, "I unite with all that has been said. I know that a large poem, or a great picture, and the still number of Friends have taken up muskets higher power to see and prize the beauty and knapsacks and have served three or four years in the war without regard to the contents of our book of discipline. I think it is time to take some notice of these violations." '

"Townsend then paused a moment in his remarks and continued:

"'I was one of those violators. I am guilty. I bought bonds when I knew the proceeds were to go toward the support of the army and the maintenance of the the war; I mourned when our armies were a surgical operation I propose that an defeated and rejoiced when they were vic- autopsy be required. Then, if there were torious. I am just as guilty as were those who slept on the cold ground and bared their breasts to traitors. And I humbly | ders, and, if there were none, false accusaask to be reinstated in the Society of Friends. "He ceased, It was a tragic moment. One

of the holiest and most eloquent divines had confessed equal guilt with the most flagrant offenders against the discipline's testimonies in the matter of war. The effect was instantaneous. A Friend quickly arose and said he united with the remarks of Samuel Townsend; that he himself was also equally guilty. He had paid taxes when he knew they were going to the support of the war. He, too, had read the war news, and his sympathy had been strongly enlisted. Another and another arose in rapid succession, and nearly all in the meeting united with Samuel Townsend.

"Then a calm came over the meeting, and minute was unanimously united in, acknowledging the shortcomings of the testimonies regarding war, and recommending that a committee in the monthly meetings be appointed to visit all those who had taken part in the war, and if they expressed a desire to retain their membership in the Society of Friends they might do so. The minute was united in by nearly every Friends' meeting in the country. It quickly reached Indiana. It was unanimously adopted as the reconstruction policy of the church. The offending members were hardly ever visited by the committee. Good old Robert Morrisson' said to me. 'I am not the one to deal with thee.'

"And that," said the colonel, as he leaned back in his easy chalr, and relaxed his earnest face into a smile, "is the way patriotism triumphed over the time-honhistory as well as story.

"That story was told me by Samuel Townsend's own lips, and it was one of the most precious experiences of my life," said S. W. GILLILAN.

*Robert Morrisson was the father of James Morrisson, whose will was contested in the famous Morrisson will case in Richmond, in which General Harrison was attorney for the plaintiff. He was the founder of Richmond's public library. Richmond, Ind., Dec. 31.

OUR NATIONAL WEALTH.

The Narrow Margin Which Separates the World from Starvation.

Edward Atkinson, in Engineering Maga-What we now call society in this coun-

ry consists of about seventy-three million human beings. Each one must be supplied every day with two and one-half to five pounds of cooked material, with fuel wherewith to cook it, and with a certain amount of textile fabrics or furs and with some boards to put over his head. The world, as a whole, is always within about one year of starvation, within two or three years of becoming houseless. In

this country nearly two million human beings are added every year to our population. That number would soon crowd existing dwellings to death, unless each year about a half million of men were occupled in adding to the number of dwellngs already existing. We call ourselves very rich. We gloat

over the millions of dollars' worth of property disclosed by the figures of the census In 1890 the computation reached the huge sum of over \$65,000,000,000. Only think of it How rich we are. But what does it all come to? About one-third of this valuation s the estimated value of the land on which capital has been placed. Land is our enowment, not our creation. If we deduct reasonable sum for land valuation, what left is the capital of the communitybout \$45,000,000,000. This is an estimate in dollars of what we have saved and put to purposes of enjoyment or future use in more than a century of existence as a na-Again, this is a stupendous sum. What does it amount to? If the value in money of all that we consumed-food, fuel, shelter and clothing-in the census year. igured at retail prices, was equal to ents a day per person, then the product of the census year reached a valuation in terms of money, in round figures, of \$11,500,-

In other words, in a little over a century of existence as a Nation, and in less than have succeeded in saving products of hu- | rer, but it's broadenin' now.' man labor in the form of public buildings warehouses, factories, railways, vessels warehouses, workshops, factories, railways, essels, dwellings, tools, machinery and goods and wares on the way from the prolucer to the actual consumer, to the mount of a little over \$700 worth per head. We consume every year nearly a third as much as this measure of all our savings.

Her Purpose.

"Do you really wear a corset through "Oh, no," the other girl replied, "simply as a matter of form."

BITS OF LOCAL GOSSIP, WITH SEV-ERAL LITTLE INCIDENTS.

A Doctor that Wants Protection for His Profession-The Possum Club at "Confederate Cross Roads."

Said a member of the medical profession

a few days ago in talking of the coming

session of the General Assembly;

"I believe the Legislature ought to pass a law regulating the practice of medicine. As a reputable physician myself, I want my own standing as a practitioner protected as well as the people who call for the services of the physicians of the State. The laws proposed by any of the medical societies which have been outlined in the

newspapers would meet my approval in general way. "But there is another line on which would like to see legislation. I have heard ignorant people make wild statements about the heartlessness of the physician and have heard unreasonable and horrible charges made by irresponsible people against the management of our benevolent institutions. I have heard of people denouncing the physicians and managers of various institutions as murderers. Not long ago I heard a woman say that a friend of hers had been killed at the City Hospital. She said the woman had gone there to be treated for a fever, and in eight days her body had been returned to her relatives; that she had been killed by a lot of young medical students who had been allowed to perform an operation upon her.

"Of course, anybody who is at all informed knows that this woman's charges are simply ridiculous. The staff of physiclans who attend to the surgical work at the City Hospital is made up of the ablest physicians of the city. The only way in which students are connected with operations of any kind are as observers at certain times. It is very important for the education of the young man who is to become a physician and for the people in general that such opportunities for study Another and another followed, until per- are offered, and no one would make an obhaps some thirty had arisen and united jection to the practice of admitting students to witness surgical operations. "But the fact that some people make such

> wild accusations is reason for trying to prevent any foundation for them. Then it is probably true that there are cases of There may not have been one in any institution in Indiana for a century, and again they may be of frequent occurrence. We often read in the papers of terrible crimes committed by attendants at insane asylums and of careless practices by physicians in public institutions. As I said, Indiana may be free from such abuses, but all the people are not convinced of it and. as a protection to the people and to the reputable physicians as well. I would suggest that a law be passed requiring some kind of an investigation by a properly constituted board in all cases of death at public institutions, both penal and charitable, and including all hospitals where patients are received without charge. In cases of any cases of abuse or carelessness, the blame would be placed on the right shoultions would stop.'

> "Horseless carriages are getting quite common in Indianapolis," remarked gentleman at Washington and Pennsylvania streets the other evening.

> "How's that?" asked his friend. "I have seen but two or three, and it has been many a day since I have seen either of them on the streets.

> "That's funny. I rarely see a dago with-Just then the courthouse clock sauck 6 and the horde of banana peddlers, to whom Washington street is forbidden ground during the day time, came rushing by, and the friend suggested something

> There is a lady on the South Side who is very thin and her lack of flesh has been a constant worry to her for many years. She has consulted physicians about her condition and has tried nearly all patent medicines which are warranted to do anything from removing warts, corns and bunions to growing hair on billiard balls, or making lean people fat or fat her poor figure, and has even been known to joke about it and can appreciate a joke at her own expense if it comes from a friendly source. She is a woman who does her own housework, and the other morning when she had some of her friends visiting her, there were two or three ladies sitting in the kitchen while she cleared away the breakfast dishes. There came a knock at the kitchen door, and a forlorn tramp pre-

> "Lidy," he said, with a fine Irish brogue, "I came to say if I could git a bite to ate off ye this marning." The lady was just about to make a reply when one of her visitors interrupted with

the remark: too poor. She's paying a dollar a bottle for Shott's fat-producing emulsion. The tramp was surprised when he got good breakfast, but could not see what caused the laugh all around.

Major Thomas B. Carter, United States agent for the district of Indiana, is an inveterate smoker. He loves his pipe better than some folks love their wives. He has a habit of bringing himself and pipe into the United States Marshal's office when he has a leisure hour to spare and filling the marshal's office full of the perfume of some of the strongest tobacco extant. Recently some of the boys presented the major with a two-pound box of fine smoking tobacco which they told him was odorless." It was something new on the market. The major enjoyed his smoke for a short time but by degrees felt the inclination to smoke getting weaker and weaker, until vesterday he gave up the pipe altogether and now can be seen smoking only occasionally, and then it is a cigar. The boys mixed with the tobacco a liberal portion of pul-

verized horses' hoofs. Overheard at Delaware and Washington

"By George, I wouldn't mind going to Cuba myself if I only knowed how to make the start." This from a immiliar figure who can be seen almost any day hanging about the barrel houses. "Why, that's easy enough," replied his "Just write to Junta. He'll fix friend. you up.

"Who's Junta?" "I don't know. Some rich man in New York who is taking an interest in Cuban affairs. He's all right, all right, and if you want to go to Cuba, just let him know.'

"Confederate Crossroads" is the name given to the drug store kept by E. W. Tompkins, at 165 Massachusetts avenue. At that place next Wednesday night the old Indianapolis Possum Club will be revived. and there will be one of the old-fashioned possum dinners. A select crowd of thirteen has been invited, including such notables as "Pushem" Charles Cooper, "Lanky" Smith Meyers, "Bully Bill" Allen, John Tompkins, "Weary Harry" Ryan, C. Preston Taylor and Paul Julian, jr, "Apostle to the Philistines."

"Times wus so hard out our way," said the Populist recently returned from Kansas to the Delaware and Washington street corner, "that a man had to drive pretty close to the penitentiary to keep out of century of union under a Constitution, we | the poorhouse. The trail was mighty nar-

> Arrangement of Furniture. Woman's liome Companion.

Avoid apparent regularity. Don't think pecause you place a sofa across one corner of a room that you must treat any or all the other corners similarly. While scheme of arrangement is essential, care must be taken to conceal it. Large pieces of furniture are not appropriate for sma! rooms; nor is any piece seen at its bes inless there is room for its individuality to assert itself. In a library that is only used as a reading and writing room and in a dining room the table is properly placed in the center of the floor, but not in

any other apartment. A dining-room side-table should be placed in a corner con-veniently near the pantry door. Table for card receiver in main hall should stand conveniently near the front door or the en-trance to the parlor. If the hall is used merely as an entrance, stand the chair or chairs against the wall. If used as a waiting or reception room treat in a less formal

BEING SICK.

To the average man being sick is a very melancholy and serious sort of diversion. In the first place, he seldom feels that he has the leisure time to devote to it, anyhow, and besides, there is always the unpleasant probability of speedy dissolution awaiting him, and-the certainty of doctors' bills to pay. But, to the average boy these terrors occur not, and to him being sick stands next in enjoyment to a visit with his city or country cousins, as the case har pens to be. A sick man always has lungs, a heart and a liver-to say nothing of a self-assertive stomach-and they are always becoming hopelessly involved so as to require his strict attention. But the sick boy has none of these organs except the stomach. Even the sober contemplation of death does not greatly perturb the philosopher of twelve, for he always looks upon his own demise from the pathetic but impersonal standpoint of the grief-stricken friends or remorseful enemies of the deceased. As he lies quietly in bed reflecting upon such grave matters his imagination is wont to grow active and tender, and hot tears oftentimes scald his pailed cheeks as he thinks of the terrible void which his untimely taking-off will make in the world. The disconsolate parents, the heart-broken sister, the sad and remorseful brother, who, perhaps, thrashed him only last week-ah, if he had only known!-all these rise and gather round his bed to mourn unti his own soft heart is touched and he mingles his tears with theirs. In pity for their dire distress he freely forgives them for every injury they have heaped upon him, and, in fact, he conjures up for himself a death-bed scene as beautiful and heartrending as any Eva or Little Nell ever fig-

"Mother," he moans feebly - he always says "maw" when well - "Mother, won't

you please send brother in?" A moment later when that worthy appears he whispers, "Henry, I am going to give you my red-and-blue lead pencil." "Bully fer you!" cries the brother, snatchapple, too. The doctor says you can't eat it," and Henry rushes away, whistling

This act of heartlessness somewhat mars the pleasantness of dying; in truth, is apt to cause him to postpone death for the time and to demand the return of his pencil, but there is many another solace re-

What country boy has not enjoyed the untold comforts of the ague? Certainly there is none who has been immune in the valley of the Wabash. The weary, aching bones which rendered rest so delicious, the fit of shaking and the burning fever, so sure to bring sympathy and all sorts of dainty food-sweet and tender is the reminiscence, and the only bitter memory it awakens is that of quinine. Sometimes malaria attacks a boy during a season of holiday, but not often. Usually its onset is identical with the beginning of harvest. He is helping shock wheat when he is stricken and his brother has to lead him to the house. There his mother tucks him into the always cool bed in the spare room and sets his sister to minding the flies off of him. Then what luxury of earthly bliss can equal his? He closes his eyes in a tranquillity of satisfaction. Through the open window comes the faroff hum of the reaper, but its drowsy tones, which seemed to mock him as he worked a little while ago, are soothing as a lullaby now and mingle with the song of the wind in the maples, the lazy buzzing of flies and the clink of dishes in the kitchen. He keeps his bed resolutely until towards evening. Then he creeps out to the front porch to look upon the world again. It is all very beautiful and peaceful, with just a tinge of twilight sadness. Poor little invalid! How he would like to run and play again as he used to do-but the

chores are not done yet.

But, perhaps, the most satisfactory state of illness to the average boy is that which, while rendering him totally unable to work, does not incapacitate him from the milder forms of amusement or make such indulgement inconsistent. For this purpose nothing serves better than a badly bruised toe or a boil on the knee. Even a fractured limb is not impracticable. Under such circumstances he is justified in returning to his old Noah's ark and paper soldiers-toys which his elder brother's scorn had caused him to forsake long ago -for a cripple has a right to be babyish. He is also permitted to whittle in house and make all manner of musses with impunity. Then there are certain rare books, sealed to him in health, to which his indisposition gives him free access. The wonderful photograph album, with the pictures of grandpa and grandma you did they would expel you from and brave Uncle Enos, who was a sutler the pulpit.' 'But I will do as you mate artists, and yet, strange to say, they 'in the army, and pa and ma when they were first married and had diamonds and dimples-the former at least, supplied by beauty and marvels it is! ponderous old family Bible is fully as great attraction. It is worth good deal of bodily suffering to be allowed upon the artistic representations of Goliath in the act of being slain, of Samson pulling down the temple, of John the Baptist's gory head upon a platter and the myriads of big angels with little wings on their backs. And he loves, too, to

or the twelve epistles-he can never quite i Perhaps to the average boy the only really unpleasant feature about being sick is the getting well. There comes a time when not a shadow of the disease remains, when even the scrupulous doctor pronounces him strong and well, and the manifold burdens of life must be assumed again. And yet there is a compensation even for this-for compensations are thick in childhood-and the boy is allowed to indulge wildly once more in active sports, for which he had begun secretly to long. E. O. LAUGHIJIN.

study the pictures of the twelve apostles-

TALMAGE'S SECRET.

How a Solemn-Faced Missionary Became a Great Pulpit Actor. F. H., in Chicago Times-Herald.

The story as it was told me. We were

missionaries together in a frontier town of

the great Northwest; he a stiffback, strait-

laced Presbyterian, who had swerved from the old Dutch Reform Church of the Mohawk valley to fill a more modern niche. I of a more liberal faith. He was an old man; I young. In one of our many long Mr. Talmage, will you do like that? I said conversations, for we were cronies, and I liked to hear his reminiscences, he told me of his school-fellow, Talmage. "What, T. DeWitt?" "Yea, verily, the same, we were in college and in the theological seminary Being encouraged, the dominie went on, "Robert Talmage was the great Talmage of the Talmage family. He was born great, he has been a missionary China many, many years, but DeWitt has made himself great." "You interest me. genius of birth and of growth both in the same family. Tell me of the genius that grows, develops-there is hope for some of us, maybe." A broad grin spread over his in charges not very distant from each other, and as two young men began our work. It was among the good old Dutch Reform brethren, not far from New York. Being in the same presbytery, as we call i now. DeWitt and myself were brought together from time to time. We were interested, yes, glad, to know of the growth of he Lord's work in each other's hands During the first year we met one day, and to my hail, 'DeWitt, how goes the times' ne made answer, 'Slow, slow, B., slow,' How is that?' 'Well, there are too many empty pews. I tell you, B., I am going to make a break.' I laughed and said: 'You better spend more time with your Bible;

January Muslin Underwear SALE-a great stock of well-made and stylishly gotten-up UNDERGARMENTS on sale at very

moderate prices LADIES' MUSLIN CHEMISES. Good Muslin, square yoke, neat embroidery trimming, a bargain at

Special Chemise values at 39c and

Cambric Chemises, round yoke of

embroidery and insertion at

Other special Chemise values at 75c to..... LADIES' MUSLIN GOWNS. Good quality Muslin, yoke of embroidery and tucks, a full size garment, and a bargain at

Elegant styles in Gowns at 98c, \$1.19, \$1.25.

LADIES' MUSLIN SKIRTS. Good Muslin, full width, lengths, embroidery flounce, at. Skirts with knee flounce of embroidery at only..... Beautiful styles in Skirts at \$1.19 and \$1.23. LADIES' MUSLIN DRAWERS.

Good Muslin, well made, embroidery or lace trimmed, at Great values at 25c, 45c to 75c. Balloon-shaped Drawers of fine Cambric, elaborate trimming, at Other special values at 98c and \$1.25.

January Cloak Clearance Sale

All our Cloaks must go-every garment must be sold, as we never carry stock from one season to the next.

SPECIAL REDUCTION IN MACKINTOSHES-LADIES' and MISSES' Choice of any Ladies' Jacket in Ladies' double Cheviot Black our store, very newest style Capes, 30 inches long, very full sweep, upper cape trimmed with jets, braids and buttons, a \$5 garments, values were up to \$20-no reserve-all at..... Misses' Ulsters-Military Cape-Cape, at Ladies' Beaver Jackets, half silk trimmed with three rows of braid, prices were \$4.50 to \$8.50, lined, newest box fronts and sleeves, prices were \$6.50 to \$8.50, now at now at..... Ladies' regular \$7.50 and \$8.50 fine Mackintoshes reduced to......

tan mixtures, worth \$2, at Cleaning Up the Dress Goods Stock 1001 Remnants will go on sale Monday morning, the accumulation of

the holiday trade. Prices that will close them out in a hurry-all styles and all lengths. 25c Novelties reduced to..... Another lot of Plaids on sale Monday morning, last lot sold out in 121/2C one day, a 25c value at..... 50c Novelties in a hundred styles, newest Mohair overlap, Alcazars and Dresden effects, all reduced to

Misses' Mackintoshes, navy and

75c and \$1 Novelties reduced to .. \$1.25 and \$1.50 Novelties reduced to

CLEARANCE SHOE SALE. \$1.00 grade at 50c Ladies' 75c grade at 39c Gaiters 65c grade at 29c Reductions 48c grade at 19c Any of our Ladies' Fine Shoes that have been selling from \$3

A cleaning up of several lines of regular \$2 Shoes, all this sea- \$1 son's styles and all sizes, at Misses' Button or Lace Dongola Heavy Sole Shoes, worth \$1.25, on sale at..... Men's Fine Shoes, made of English Enamels, box and French

on sale this week at.....

calf, all the newest shapes, and have been selling at \$4, now at .. Men's 75c Toe Rubbers at Ladies' Rubbers reduced to Misses' Rubbers reduced to

Agonize more for souls.' He replied has-

tily: 'I do all those things, am wearing my-

'We went our several ways, and had for-

self out to no purpose that way, and I am

gotten his threat, if indeed it was a threat,

I am going to make a break,' when one

day we met on a committee, and I grasped

his hand with the 'Well, old boy, how goes

and he looked it. 'But,' I whispered, 'they

and theater people had the willing crowds,

was the secret? Who had the secret? Evi-

dently the actors. We have had the best

with us or our teachers. Christ had the

long thinking on those lines, and with him

to think was to act. He immediately wrote

to a friend in New York city for the ad-

dress of some one who would be a good

engagement was greeted at his door. It

man looked surprised when he learned De-

Witt's errand, seemed to hesitate for a mo-

ment, and then said, 'Mr. Talmage, I sus-

would not do as I tell you, and if

cording to our standard of speaking. All

you have been trying to do but is wrong.'

ruths?' 'Yes, sir, I do.' 'That if they

he straightened up to his highest, seeming-

ly, buttoned his coat, touched up his hair,

slowly adjusted a pair of glasses, dropped

his arms by his sides and began a dead

much expression as his as he calmly

opened the book and read in a perfunctory

way some Scripture. He cleared his min-

isterial voice, and, turning to me, said,

too true to life.' He came back to my

fervid voice read Scripture, making my

blood tingle. His every hair seemed to be-

lieve and speak, his flesh to creep as if

though earth as a grain of sand were being

lost on the shores of oblivion and frosted

and palsied all the achievements of man.

If lifeless with dignity before he was now

I will try.' He said: 'Note this, you min-

isters express what you believe in such a

way that people do not believe you believe

it, while we actors express what we do not

believe in such a way that people believe we believe it.' So you see," said Mr. Tal-

mage, "I have the secret and the multi-

My Northwestern friend laughingly con-

cluded: "When you again see the great

Taimage trying to force his fingers into the

wall to scramble up the side, as he de-

scribes the sinking ship, and man's sinking

condition, you will remember that it all

traces back to the time when 'he made a

break' in our early ministry, when he be-

came a real man dealing with living issues.

before a real multitude. Talmage allowed

himself to be made over, he expresses the

fire and fury of our Saxon forefathers. He

was taught that God expresses himself in life; life in face and feature, in foot and

form. It is so rare and racy and right that

men pay princely prices for Talmage-\$660 for one of his lectures-while I am forgotten

on this frontier, but I am not lonesome. 1

all life, all eloquence. He stopped and said,

dead, as though for the last time.

'Mr. Talmage, did I do it justice?"

a small Bible, 'that men must know its her hard-won earnings.

'Yes.

As

He was growing interesting.

ministers are."

trainer for the stage, and in due time by

was his annual summer vacation.

training, but the drawing power is not

All right,' said he. 'I'll go to a larger

say they are going to ship you down there.

His answer was 'First-rate, splendid,'

going to make a break.

15c) 38c all-Wool Black French Serge 25c 50e BLACK GOODS IN SATIN BERBERS Novelty and Boucle effects, all-Wool goods, reduced to \$2.50 ASTRACHAN REDUCED TO \$1.50. 85.00 ASTRACHAN REDUCED TO 82.50. 50-inch Black and Blue all-Wool

Storm Serges, worth \$1 a yard,

at Of Prints, Ginghams, Domets, etc., all go on sale Monday morning at very low prices-a great stock of accumulated goods to be sold very cheap.

UNDERWEAR REDUCTIONS. Heavy Fleeced Ribbed Union Suits, gray and were 50c, at..... Ladies' 50c Heavy White Merino Underwear reduced to..... Ladies' \$1 Gray Natural Wool Ribbed Union Suits at to \$4, in all the newest styles, \$2.45 BARGAINS IN CHILDREN'S UNDER-

WEAR. Complete stocks of Union Suits Complete stocks of White and Gray Merino, Gray Fleeced Ribbed, and All-Wool Gray. Scarlet and Camel's-hair Children's Underwear. 89c Men's regular 50c Heavy Fleece-

59c

lined Gray Undershirts reduced Men's regular 38c Heavy Canton Drawers at.... Men's 75c Natural Gray Wool Un-50c derwear reduced to..... 25c 20c (Boys' regular 50c Heavy Fleece-16c lined Underwear at.....

The Star Stones

A CAUCASUS WEAVER. Hard Life of Women Who Have the

True Spirit of Art. New York Herald. The popular conception of the Oriental woman is rather erroneous. It is that of one who is doomed from infancy to spend her life in a harem. Yet the simple truth is that the large majority of women in the East never become members of harems, and work quite as hard for their daily bread as do their sisters in the West, aye, even harder, for, as a rule, married women place.' 'You made the break, and have no in the West are supported by their husempty pews; tell me about it.' And this bands, whereas in the East married women was his story. He noticed the show people are, as a rule, constrained to support not only themselves, but also their husbands and the churches the unwilling few. What and children.

This statement applies especially to the thousands of women in Turkey, Persia and other countries of the Orient who make multitude, why not we? Talmage had been a living as weavers. The whole civilized world appreciates their handiwork, for none can match them in making tapestries, carpets and other gorgeous products of the loom. This is the age of machinery, but no machine has yet been invented which can do the marvelous work of these Orien-The tal weavers. Europeans know this, and they have tried hard to establish factories in Smyrna and other cities, offering large inducements to the women to come and pect you are a clergyman, and I never do their work there. But the women have train clergymen, so cannot take you as a not taken kindly to the plan. In them the do their work there. But the women have pupil.' DeWitt bridled at the thought. nomadic gypsy instinct is still strong, and Why, sir, why?' 'Simply impossible. You | they prefer to work at home, as they have worked for centuries.

ness. Their husbands may sell the goods, his own words. The trainer went on to but they take care that a good price is 'You were educated all wrong ac- paid for them. Yet many of these women work for pitiful wages. After cleaning I answered promptly, 'I and preparing the wool and shaping it into believe you.' He continued: 'You speak lovely pieces of tapestry all they receive is from a little box pulpit high up?' 'Yes, from four to six francs a week. The wom-'Will you agree to abandon that and | an who can earn seven francs is considered have a large platform like a stage for you a Croesus, and her husband esteems her to walk around on to talk to men from?" | so much that he never dreams of beat-'Yes, sir,' with some hesitation, as the ing her. These women would be forghosts of ministerial propriety glared at | tunate if they were allowed to keep their me from the unchanging past. 'However, poor wages, but they are not. The money Mr. Talmage, the greatest difficulty to re- is always paid to the husband, and he inmove I will find in yourself rather than in variably appropriates it. Not only, then, the church building. There is not a thing is the woman obliged to work several hours extra each day in order that Let 'Mr. Tal- husband may live like a gentleman, but mage, you believe in this book, picking up she is also obliged to turn over to him all

Yet, no matter how hard she may work would be saved they must receive them? her husband is always impoverished. He That the choice of life or death is here?' | seldom has enough money to pay for the 'Yes, sir.' That thousands will go down wool in advance and is obliged to obtain to death unsaved unless you teach them to it on credit from the Hebrew merchant. receive Christ?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And this is the To such merchants come those Europeans way you go about it.' Changing his quick, who want to purchase tapestries. They nervous, earnest ways to great deliberation, | can get any quality of goods in the merchants' stores-cheap and ugly or costly and beautiful. The traffic in vulgar tapestries has been far greater than is known. and this is one reason why we have so march in Saul pace to the imaginary pul- | much of the decadence of Oriental art as pit. A face of chalk would have had as expressed in these productions. The splendid tapestries, however, have always been sought by the best houses in Europe and America, and special pains are now being taken to stimulate the desire for these rare specimens of art. In the manufacture of these first-class tapestries extreme care is side, unbuttoned his coat, put on an alert | taken. The wool is purchased by experts look, strode to his pulpit, opened the book and is then carefully washed and dved, with eagerness and with flashing eye and after which it is handed over to a number of women who are unexcelled weavers and who never spend their time at cheap work. From beginning to end the work pent with a great message. He talked as of these women is faultless. The fine though he stood between the living and the classical models given to them are reproduced with lifelike exactness, and the keenest eye cannot discover in the woven picture a coarse line, an inharmonious detail, a glaring color or any other offense against good taste or against the laws of art. As by dint of studying Raphael and Titian many men have become fine musicians, so by dint of studying the fine ideals before them these Oriental women have become filled with the true spirit of art and have even become creators of fine ideals themselves.

Pensions for Veterans.

Certificates have been issued to the following-named Indianians: Original-Richard B. Hawkins, Charles-

Additional-Josiah Christine, Terre Haute, Restoration and Increase-Manly S. Cady, Restoration and Reissue-(Special Dec. 21) John P. Palmer (deceased), Indianapolis. Increase-George H. Mader, New Middle-town; William R. Heffin, Curtisville; John Cobb, West Shoals; Elijah Williams, Hoagland; Eli Savyers, Waverly; William R. Williams, Oak and City; Howell F. Strong. South Bend; Pavid Latimore, Brazil; Shed-South Bend; Favid Latimore, Brazil; Shedrick Ross, Williamsport; Emanuel Deitrick.
St. Joe Statios; Thomas J. Baker, Laporte;
Philander R. Hopkins, Vernon.
Original Wilows, Etc.—(Special Dec. 21)
Leah J. Moore, Burlington; (special Dec. 21)
Elizabeth G. Palmer, Indianapolis; Barbara
Timmons, Cicero; minor of Giles Wells, Indianapolis; prinor of Allen Carpenter, Bergersville.

am one of the great host who remain in the rut; a minister not mannish like Talmage, "Young man, make a break; make the world believe that you believe what you be-